

THE HOUR FOR ME.

2 FROM "GOOD WOMEN."

I'll sail upon the mighty main—but this is not the hour—There's not enough of wind to move the bloom in lady's bower. Oh! this is never the time for me—our pretty bark would take her place upon the ocean like a rose-leaf on a lake. There's not a murmur on the ear, no shade to meet the eye: The ripple sleeps; the sun is up, all cloudless in the sky. I do not like the gentle call of such a torpid sea; I will not greet the glassy sheet—'tis not the hour for me.

But now the night breeze freshens fast, the green waves gather strength.

The heavy mainsail firmly swells, the pennon shows its length; Our boat is jumping in the tide—quick, let her hawser slip; Though but a tiny thing, she'll live beside a giant ship. Away!—what nectar spray she flings about her bow! What diamonds dash in every splash that drops upon my brow: She knows she bears a soul that dares, and loves the dark rough sea.

More sail! 'Tis, let her fly! this is the hour for me.

RAFFAELLE SMITH'S ADVENTURE.

(Concluded.)

To recover himself cost the young artist the greatest effort he had ever made in his life. The major conducted him towards the lady whom he had already seen, and who was introduced to him as the mother of Emily. In a very short time Raffaelle found himself surrounded by the relatives and friends of the young lady, whom he had no more idea of marrying than of allying himself, matrimonially, with a squaw of the Choctaw Indians. Raffaelle felt himself somewhat of a culprit, as he stood there receiving congratulations and loaded with marks of respect and friendship from the well-bred people congregated in a house wherein he had no better claim to be present than a burglar. In an excess of embarrassment Raffaelle turned in search of his military guide. He was resolved to put an end to an affair which was rapidly becoming too serious and too alarming for any man of delicacy to prolong by his silence. The major, taking him aside into a recess of one of the spacious windows, cut short the first efforts of the artist to carry out his honourable intention.

"Tut, tut," said he, with true military promptitude: "not a word, my dear Smith. I repeat, your arrival makes me the happiest man alive!"

"But, my dear—your niece—"

"My niece thinks as I do, sir, and as her mother thinks. Mr. Smith, just inagine what we felt when we heard that a train had been run into only a few miles from Cokelhampton—several carriages smashed, sir—and, had you been in that train, my niece would have lost a fortune of fifty thousand pounds."

The perplexed Raffaelle could only repeat the number in reply.

"Yes, Mr. Smith," continued the major, "fifty thousand pounds, sir. For to-morrow the date given in my old Cousin Lucy's will expires."

"To-morrow the date given in your old cousin Lucy's will expires!" was all that Raffaelle could repeat.

"To-morrow at twelve, sir! But that stupid dog Charles, should have told you all this. But perhaps he has only very imperfectly explained to you my cousin's extra-ordinary will."

"Very imperfectly," replied Raffaelle.

"Well, I will furnish you with all the details. You must know that my cousin died a year since, leaving a sum of money amounting to fifty thousand pounds. Now that sum was left to my niece, Emily, on the express condition that she should be a married woman a year and a day after the date of the testator's death, failing in which, all the property goes to charities. We loved Emily too much to force her into a hasty and distasteful union. Emily has not reached her twenty-first year; and she has never yet met one whom she could bestow her loving heart. Time went on, and we were on the point of resigning the brilliant fortune which had been left to her on such extraordinary conditions, when a few days since her brother Charles suddenly wrote to us, 'Emily shall be married before the appointed time!' We at first received this intelligence as idle pell-mell; but Charles spoke of you with so much admiration—he drew such a favourable picture of your disposition—he spoke in such a touching manner of the brotherly love which had united you and him since your school days, that my sister and myself consented to render Emily rich and happy.

"You know the rest, my dear Mr. Smith. Charles sought you—he offered you the hand and heart of his sister, which you accepted—and in a few hours you come here to be my dear nephew and the husband of our dear Emily. Yourself, Emily, her mother, Charles and myself, are all to whom the secret of this impromptu marriage is yet known. In order to keep up appearances, we have told every one that you and Emily have known each other since the time of her spending some

months in London, a year since; and that for a length of time you have been soliciting her hand. Hence you see why sister and myself pretend to hail you as an old acquaintance from the first moment of your entering the house. That is the story, my dear nephew."

At the instant when the major had concluded his speech, and when the artist was about to avow, with exemplary frankness and honesty, that he was not the real and expected Smith, there arose a great commotion in the drawing-room.

"Hasten, my dear friend," cried the major, "hasten to give your hand to your future wife at the altar. The carriages are at the door!"

Raffaelle reflected a moment. "If I speak out now," he said to himself, "I bring trouble, scandal and despair upon this excellent family. I must tell the truth to the major when we enter the carriage—feign illness—anything to save my honour."

The major, little suspecting what was passing thro' the mind of the young man, whose arm was in his own, conducted him to a seat in an elegant brougham, which was drawn up, with several other vehicles, before the door of the villa. Raffaelle Smith was an honest man, and his conscience revolted at the act he was about to perform. He leaned forward and clutched the hand of the major, who sat opposite him, with a cold and convulsive grasp. He could scarcely stammer out, in a low voice,

"I must speak out before we proceed a step further!"

The pallid features and trembling voice of the young artist alarmed the old man.

"What is the matter?" he cried, "what can you have to say at such a moment as this?"

"Sir," said the artist, "I am not the man whom you expected."

The major fell back on his seat as if struck by a canon shot.

"You are not Mr. Smith?" he cried in a choking voice.

He-reupon the painter related, with loyal frankness, the incidents which had conducted him to the home of Emily's mother; the error which had kept him there to the moment of his introduction to the guests in the drawing-room, and the real, though apparently trivial, motives which had prevented him from proclaiming the truth.

"Ah! sir," cried the major, in despair, "what shall we do now? What step can we take? My niece is ruined! And that is not the worst, her reputation is compromised—lost!—as well as her mother's and my own! Before more than twenty persons we have all three declared that we knew you some time. How can we retract those words without drawing upon ourselves the most terrible ridicule and scandal? This will kill my niece, sir!"

"I am ready to do anything," said Raffaelle. "How can I repair the misfortune of this fatal mistake?"

"It is too late!" cried the major. "There is no way of saving ourselves!"

At that moment the coach pulled up at the church door.

"What is to be done?" inquired the artist, as he alighted at the door of the sacred edifice.

"My dear sir," answered the major, whose military decision seemed to be restored, "this is to be done: you must marry my niece. It is true you are a stranger to me; but so is my nephew's friend. The manner in which you have just spoken to me, tells me that you are a man of honour. Haste, sir!—take Emily's hand!—but, remember, not a word of this to any one; it is a secret between us both."

And with these words the major hastily pushed Raffaelle into the church. In a few moments the artist stood before the altar, beside a young and beautiful girl of twenty, whose face wore an expression as tender and pure as that of a Madonna painted by one of the old masters of Italy. She was, indeed, exquisitely beautiful. She cast up her eyes at the approach of the young artist; her glance, at first timid, became in an instant more reassured as she saw what a handsome, and more than all that an open, honest face looked upon her own. As the major afterwards declared, it might have been seen by any one that the emotions and blushes of both Raffaelle and Emily clearly betokened an affair of love at first sight.

The marriage was celebrated, and the ceremony was followed, to the great joy of the bridegroom, by a splendid repast. The major took advantage of a favourable moment to slip out, so as to intercept his nephew Charles, with his friend, the other and original Mr. Smith. He met them in a hotel in the neighbouring town of Cokelhampton. He learnt that both had been passengers in the train which had been run into. Charles had escaped unharmed, but his friend had received a severe injury.

The major told all to his nephew. Poor Smith

No. 1, after lying for some time in a dædition, at length recovered, and was in back to London, without making any preparation for the marriage, to which a common form and the accidents of steam had given rise at first wanted to lodge the contents of a led Colt's revolver in the breast of his brother-in-law; but after a few months hands warmly with the man whom he dearly loved by his sister, and soon became attached to him as he was to the school days.

Raffaelle is an excellent husband. He made this pair more happy than thousand spent time and thought in choosing his husband. Raffaelle Smith adores him; he is very careful never to tell her he wants for a dinner."

VARIETIES.

The bill-sticker's motto—Application. Ice that doesn't cool you—not much!—in solst-ice.

A crusty old bachelor says women should whine-en.

Jones wants to know whether the liberal press is proved by having your pocket p. crowd.

An advertisement lately appeared, headbedsteads and bedding." We suppose he means sheet iron.

"Did you ever shave a monkey?" inquired

"but if you'll be pleased to sit down, I'll tell you."

Brown's experience of mankind inclines him to believe that the path of rectitude had been trod little of late years that it had completely run.

Church, the artist, is said to be engaged in a "waterfall" which recently attracted his attention.

A western exchange says "A young lady city, a short time ago, in a fit of desperation, cut herself to a limb—of the law."

At an examination, at a seminary for young one of the pupils was asked as follows: "Mr. Martin Luther die a natural death?" "No, sir." "He was excommunicated by a bull."

The British Cabinet must possess a mysterious far-reaching power, if we may credit the statement, put forth by the London correspondent of an American paper: "The Prince and Princess of Wales, and I presume their two children—both thanks to Lord Palmerston and a liberal C. have followed the Queen to the Continent."

An amusing incident occurred at the Varieté Theatre, Paris, during the representation of Girardin's new piece "Le Dieu Soleil." The tools, which should be discharged in the course of the piece, simultaneously missed fire. Notwithstanding this mishap, the combatants by whom the weapons were used fell in the orthodox manner, mortally wounded. The effect is said to be intensely ludicrous.

NATIONAL WIT.—Italian wit is highly spontaneous, genial. Among its proverbs are dug earth its living by wiggling its tail."

"You yourselves all honey, and the flies will devour."

"The smiles of a pretty woman are the tears of a man by the tongue, is sure to come off unhand."

"The characteristic of Spanish wit is successive stateliness. Of their proverbs, "He who nothing to do, let him buy a ship or marry a woman."

"From many children and little bread, good deliverance."

"A fool is never a fool unless he speaks Latin."—French wit is characterized by finesse, dexterity, point, brevity. In repartee French are unrivalled. Their conversation is only an art, but a fine art. In punning, they equalled. In no literature are there so many verbs which speak disparagingly of the fair."

"Man is fire, woman is tow—the devil commands blow."

"A woman conceals only what she does not know."

"To get chickens one must coax the hen."

AN OLD FOLLOWER OF JOHN WESLEY.—The ton Chronicle announces the death of Mrs. sister of the Misses Walmley, of Ribblesdale, on the 90th year of her age. Her parents were the first to embrace the doctrines of John Wesley, on his visits to Preston, preached in their father's house. He was the first class-leader in the Wesley connection in Preston, and she herself was charmed by John Wesley, on the occasion of his second visit to Preston.

THE MADOC MERCURY AND NORTH RIDING NEWS.

No. 147.

MADOC, (HASTINGS CO., G.W.) SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1855.

PRICE TWO CENTS.

From Europe.

The Canadian steamship North American, from Liverpool on the 28th, via Londonderry on the 29th of September, arrived off Father Point on the 9th inst., with 21 cabin and 347 steerage passengers.

Arrests of Fenians continue, and important documentary evidence is accumulating against them. Among the papers discovered is one giving the particulars of expected arrival at Bantry Bay of vessels bringing arms from America.

The Cork Examiner gives a report that a special commission will shortly be convened for that city to try the Fenian prisoners, on the charge of high treason.

Fenianism is said to have been discovered among the Irish residents of London, and the police were keeping a strict surveillance over them.

The appearance of Asiatic cholera at Southampton is disputed, but it was asserted that yellow fever had appeared at Swansea. The government has sent a committee there to inquire into the matter.

FRANCE.—The Moniteur, alluding to the reported speedy evacuation of Rome, says that no doubt exist relative to the intentions of the French government. So soon as France shall consider the moment to have arrived, she will, in concert with the Pontifical government, adopt necessary measures for the commencement of the evacuation, in order that the withdrawal of the French troops may be completed within an appointed period.

GERMANY.—It is stated that the Austrian ministry addressed a despatch to most of the European governments, in which it is declared, in emphatic language that the late Imperial manifesto or rescript taken to imply that the Austrian government is sincerely bent on governing with constitutional and representative forms.

Steamship China, which left Liverpool on the 1st, and Queenstown on the 1st inst., arrived at Cork on the 9th.

Arrests continue of daily occurrence, particularly in the Irish provinces.

Passenger by the City of Manchester, from New York, named O'Rordan, who asserts that he is a U.S. spy, was arrested at Queenstown on landing from the steamer.

Three additional arrests were reported among the troops in the garrison at Cork.

Grassrows, Oct. 1.—The Fenian prisoners were brought before the Police Magistrates at Dublin yesterday, including the editor and proprietor of the Irish People newspaper. Mr. Barry, Queen's Counsel, appeared for the Crown and made a long speech.

He said that within the last fortnight three thousand pounds had arrived from America to be expended in revolutionizing Ireland, and by that day the government had intercepted a letter for one of the prisoners named Lappor containing a draft for one hundred and fifteen pounds on the house of Lappor, and several other letters containing bills of exchange. The making pikes had also been extensively carried on. One of the prisoners had made 800 of these murderous weapons. Numerous revolvers and breechloaders had also been found in possession of the prisoners, connected with the Irish People newspaper. He quoted an incendiary paragraph from the paper, which was about to be issued, when seized.

Barry concluded his speech by asserting that the Fenians were powerful both in Ireland and America, and that this affair would end forever such criminal conspiracies. Evidence was then given against the prisoners, and some of them were identified as connected with the suppressed Fenian organization.

The investigation is still pending and will probably last for several days. At a private examination of the Fenians at Dublin Castle yesterday, evidence was put in, showing that the plot of the Fenians was of the most sanguinary character. It was directed at the nobility, the aristocracy and the church, and assassinate them all on the breaking out of the rebellion. The Duke of Leinster and others were specially named for assassination. The manufacturers and others were to be called on

to give material support to the Fenian cause, under threats of extermination and confiscation of their property if they refused to do so. The evidence of treason against the prisoners is said to be most complete.

ITALY.—At a secret consistory the Pope, in his absence, is reported to have spoken against sects in general and freemasonry in particular, and to have censured the sovereigns who protected them. In connection with this subject he adverted to the obsequies of Marshal Magenta at Paris.

TURKEY.—The Pall-Mall Gazette says it is generally believed at Constantinople that a political catastrophe is impending in the Dalmatian principalities, and Turkey is preparing to be first in the field in case of intervention. Muchi Abner Pasha, who commands the first corps d'armée at Schumla, has been ordered to be ready to march 15,000 men across the Danube at 24 hours' notice.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AMERICA.—The Brazilian mail has arrived at Lisbon, from whence the following is telegraphed:—"RIO DE JANEIRO, Sept. 8.—A battle had taken place at Tantany, on the Uruguay river, in which the allies have been victorious. The enemy lost 1,700 prisoners and their cannon and flags. The defeat is considered to have struck a decisive blow at the Paraguayan invaders."

British American Free Trade.

From the N. Y. Album.

Never before perhaps in the history of the world have such opportunities for national existence and rapid industrial development been offered as a dependency, as are now at the disposal of the British American Provinces. We have been quick to see and ready to admit that, situated as these Provinces are, they have, however, become a source of weakness, rather than strength, to the mother country—nay, we may almost add, to the mother country itself. We have warmly advocated that our colonies in North America should have internal improvement, and that our colonies should be admitted with a view to their early independence, and the adoption of a policy suited to themselves collectively and apart, rather than in conjunction with the parent State.

From the success of the policy advanced by that able and energetic colonist Sir George, Sir Robert Peel—in the repeal of the corn laws, and the gradual change in the British line of conduct toward her Colonies, children. The author of the harbinger of these liberal changes at home, which found in the late Richard Cobden their ablest, most practical, and most successful exponent. To him, it is well known, Great Britain is a clearly indebted for her recent commercial treaties, and also for that rapid increase in European trade which has proved so agreeable to her merchants during the late war in America. The principle of free trade with the world is now more rapidly taking possession of Britain, and no nation is better prepared for the event. Undoubtedly, far as the products of the earth and ocean are concerned, the principle should universally rule, in a much improvement to free exchange, in the natural growth of various claims, would seem to be in variance with the designs of Providence, and we hope the day is not far distant when this broad doctrine will be generally accepted by all peoples. Our object in alluding to this point is to call attention to the remark that in manufactures, this same reasoning does not hold. It is in manufactures that we should be most anxious to have our markets protected. In the possession of his own thoughts, skill, and labour, it is difficult to see why a nation should not be equally successful in the profit of its own special manufacturing enterprises, inasmuch as such pursuits ought to be based on natural advantages. But this matter must be entirely governed by policy and interest. For instance, the U. S., while their frontiers are blessed with the abundant harvests of a virgin soil and the spontaneous growth of a debtless and unencumbered land, the remnant that in manufactures, this same reasoning does not hold. It is in manufactures that we should be most anxious to have our markets protected. In the possession of his own thoughts, skill, and labour, it is difficult to see why a nation should not be equally successful in the profit of its own special manufacturing enterprises, inasmuch as such pursuits ought to be based on natural advantages. But this matter must be entirely governed by policy and interest. For instance, the U. S., while

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small loss sustained in other forced manufacturing interests. Such should be their course of action, and, that action taken with energy, this time is not far distant when men now living would be on ships laden with merchandise at Liverpool and London, entering at the mouth of the St. Lawrence and emerging with others from the Mississippi, and others, laden with others, laden for India, unloading at the wharves of Upper Lake Superior, interests destined across the Pacific.

These views to some may now seem visionary, but when able and practical engineers have shown that a ship canal connecting the waters of the St. Lawrence River with those of Lake Huron, in Lake Michigan with the Mississippi, can be constructed at a cost less than the sum of expenditure in the war just closed, is it too much to expect that this progressive age, will realize the fact? We trust, if we can see a little more self-reliance North of us, and acts in place of words, we will undertake to find the willing capital for the enterprise either in London or New York.

Lord Brougham has just entered his eighty-eighth year, and is in excellent health.

The senior wrangler (1864) of Cambridge, England, was recently drowned while bathing.

Prussia has paid about \$30 a head for the Lauenbergers.

The Barrie Examiner thinks the Dunkin Temperance Bill has been carried in the county of Simcoe by a very considerable majority.

In the Saniers kidnapping case, before Judge Mondelet, at Montreal, the jury could not agree, and were discharged.

The Prussian count who killed Prince Alfred's cook has been acquitted in Bonn.

A medical student at Salisbury, England, killed a beautiful and accomplished girl, a heiress, because she would not marry him.

Three murders were committed in Philadelphia between ten o'clock on the night of the 6th inst., and six o'clock the next morning.

Joseph de Quebec says that the raspberry plants in that neighbourhood have bloomed again, thus preparing another crop of raspberries not at all likely to ripen before the frost sets in.

The camp at Lyndhurst has broken up. The first battalion, formed of Toronto and Hamilton cadets, and numbering 400 men, have not a single mark against them for deficiency or fault during the twenty days in camp.

From Greece there is announced the death, in the island of Egi, of a national celebrity. Alexander Macrourado, one of the few surviving actors in the war of independence, died on the 18th August.

The mouth of the Tiber, it is said, has been surveyed, and the work of restoring the harbor is to be undertaken. Who can tell? Might not Rome become again the capital of the Old World?

The fine herd of Ayrshire cows at Hollylodge, Highgate, the property of Miss Burdett Coutts, has been literally swept away by the disease which is now prevalent among cattle. This herd numbered twenty cows of the purest Ayrshire breed, and an Alsatian bull.

THE CATTLE PLAGUE IN PERTH.—The Mitchell Advocate says:—"This neighbourhood has been thrown into a state of excitement owing to a report that a cattle plague, similar to that raging in Europe, has broken out in the township of Gorderich. A Mr. Wm. Alexander, of the 7th concession, lost five of his best cows on Tuesday night of last week. When milked the previous evening they were to all appearance, in perfect health. The bodies were opened to see if the animals had been poisoned, but nothing to cause death was found in the stomachs. A close inspection discovered each animal marked on the chest under the skin, with a black mark, which is supposed by some to be the cause of their death."

A correspondent of the New York Tribune writes from Montgomery the story of a gentleman who was pardoned recently at a cost of sixty thousand dollars. This is only an illustration of the corrupt practices now prevailing in Washington in reference to President Johnson's sacred prerogative.

Dr. Fulford, Lord Bishop of Montreal and metropolitan of Canada, preached the opening sermon at the general convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, at its triennial session in Philadelphia.

THE MADOC MERCURY

AND NORTH RIDING NEWS.

Weekly Journal of Local and General Information,
Will be Published every Saturday Morning, at Two
Cents a Copy, or One Dollar a Year, strictly in
advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS WILL BE INSERTED ON THE
FOLLOWING TERMS FOR CASH:

Six lines, first insertion	50
Each subsequent insertion	12½
Fix to ten lines, first insertion	70
Each subsequent insertion	16
Above ten lines, first insertion	90
Each subsequent insertion, per line	2

All Communications for the MERCURY to be ad-
dressed (post-paid) to A. SMALLFIELD, MADOC, N.Y., Post
Office.

For sale at WILSON'S MEDICAL HALL, MADOC, where
Subscribers in and near the village may obtain their
copies and orders for the paper and advertisements
will obligingly be received.

SUBSCRIPTIONS PAYABLE YEARLY OR QUARTER-
LY IN ADVANCE.

GENERAL LEE'S INTRUSION.—On Monday, last week, Gen. Lee was installed President of the Washington College, at Lexington, Virginia. The proceedings were strictly in the spirit of unopposition—General Lee having obtained a unanimous vote of a resolution for an imposing address to the male military and girls belonging to the class of flowers. The exercises took place in a lecture room, in which only the college officers and a few friends and visitors were present. The exercises were opened by prayer, in which a divine invocation for the President of the United States was a noticeable feature.

Alexander H. Stephens, ex-Confederate Vice-President and some of the other prominent rebels, having not fled for foreign parts, have been constitutionally released from custody by order of President Johnson, and allowed to return to their respective States.

THE MADOC MERCURY
AND NORTH RIDING NEWS.

MADOC, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

The Reeve has issued a Proclamation, in which he very properly calls upon the people of this Township and Village, duly to observe the 18th inst., which has been appointed by the Governor-General as a Day of Thanksgiving for the abundant Harvest. In addition to keeping Wednesday next as a holiday, we venture to suggest that the occasion would be a very appropriate one for making thank-offerings, in the shape of donations for the relief of those who are in need of assistance in the Township. Fortunately the number is not large, but it should be remembered that even in the most prosperous times there are some who are suffering from either illness or accident, and who are unable to help themselves; and applications on behalf of such are frequently made to the Reeve, in his official capacity: and we have no doubt that he would cheerfully undertake to see that any contributions handed in to him for the purpose should be properly distributed.

THE GEOLOGICAL SURVEY.

Mr. MacFarlane has been actively engaged during this week in exploring the Township, and visiting the various points to which his attention has been directed, with a view to obtaining material for the official report required by the Government, before deciding upon the application for a grant of public land in aid of a railway to North Hastings.

On Monday, the well-known magnetic iron ore belonging to Mr. U. Seymour was inspected; Tuesday was devoted to a visit to

the Eastern part of the Township, in the direction of Elzevir; Wednesday, in the direction of Powells Mills, to the Western side, as far as Powells Mills, to the West, to an exploration of Mills; and Thursday, to an examination of the Township on the North. On Friday, the vicinity of the village was examined.

The result is glad to learn of the survey, so far, we are

nature. It is generally of an encouraging

some additional discoveries of mag-

netic ore, of great importance, having been

made; but with respect to the specular ore,

while that first discovered, on Mr. Cain's lot,

is pronounced of pretty fair extent,—other

deposits, on examination, have not proved so

great and valuable as their owners in good

fish believed them to be, when pointing

them out; the ore being merely scattered

over the surface, and not being found in beds

In Tudor, several beds of lead are of suf-

cient importance to indicate the probability

of their turning out good mines.

The Railway Question.

Mr. T. C. Wallbridge has published in the *Chronicle* an account of what transpired in Quebec, during the late session, relative to the Railway enterprise, occupying nearly three columns of our contemporaries; it is too lengthy for us to give entire. We therefore omit facts with which our readers are already acquainted, and give merely the material part of his reasons for not supporting Mr. Flint's bill. He says—

"I will begin by stating that in the year 1858 a bill was passed by the Legislature authorizing the construction of a Railway to Marmora, &c. This bill gave the Company to be formed and its provisions an existence of seven years; that bill expired. The reason why work was not commenced under that bill, every person acquainted with the affairs of this Company knows to be, that the Company had no means wherewith to build the road. We then, once had a bill, if that be all that is necessary for the construction of the road, and did nothing under it. It is evident, therefore, that any bill without the means, i.e., money or man's worth, could not enable us to build a road to Marmora or to any other place.—That is the present position of our Railway question."

"The bill of 1858 expired, as I before stated, for lack of means wherewith to build the road or even to commence it. My object was and is to remedy that defect in our new bill."

"How then are we to get the means? This is the great question. There are three ways which present themselves to my mind. The first—and a very common one it is for such enterprises—is to tax the municipalities.—This I need not say, I am totally opposed to. The second is by the formation of a company possessing a monopoly of the iron; and the third is, by aid of Government through a grant of land. The latter is the one I have adopted, and intend to advocate. I know the Government will not give us money or guarantee our bonds. They have had sad experience in this system with the Port Hope, Brockville, Prescott, and Cobourg Roads. The only course then which appeared to me feasible was to ask for a grant of a portion of the public domain, and if we can get that, then we are in a position to offer that as a security to capitalists, and ask stock to be taken based both on the value of the real estate and the road itself. This will build our road without taxing the people."

"I must here say that those who talk so loudly now, on the corners of the streets, have taken up ground far in advance of what the actual state of things will warrant. (This should be noted by those who take an interest in our enterprise.) For this reason—the Government have not yet agreed even to give us the land—and suppose they do give it, as I believe they intend to do, we have yet to find means to raise money upon the land. Money cannot be raised for that purpose in this country; and if it be done, we must look to England for it."

"Shortly after going to Quebec to attend the late session of Parliament, Mr. Lewis Wallbridge, Mr. Flint, and Mr. Read called upon Mr. Forsyth and Mr. Bursall, who are understood to be partners or agents for the Marmora Iron Company, to secure, if possible, their co-operation in getting aid from the Government to build the road. Instead of giving

their co-operation, their offer was to sell the Iron Works to the Railway Company for £50,000, half cash and half stock in the railway; and a conversation then took place as to the probability of inducing the County to take stock in the Railway, which proposition would have involved our Municipalities in debt. Who wants this? These gentlemen did not call upon Mr. Forsyth and Mr. Bursall for the purpose of buying the Marmora Iron Works, at least Mr. Wallbridge did not do so, knowing that the Marmora Company by no means possessed a monopoly of the iron deposits of North Hastings; and so that meeting dropped to the ground without result."

* * * * *

"To those who are not familiar with the manner of making such a grant of land as the petitioners asked for, I may state that the grant is made in the Act of Parliament or Bill, in one or more of its clauses. An instance will be found in the year 1857, when the Government granted land to the St. Maurice Railway, on page 586, where any of the Magistrates of that County, who have the Statutes of that year, may read it. On the way from this meeting, Mr. Wallbridge stated to Mr. Flint that he (Mr. Flint) ought not to go on with his Bill, as no good could come from it, —the Government not being disposed to grant the land until after the survey. On this point I may state in contradiction of the infamous charge that I burked his Bill, that on the 2nd of September last I wrote to Mr. Flint as follows:—I notified you (Mr. Flint) on 31st ultimo that I should not proceed with your Bill, and asked you to get some other person to move it, as I should act after that date oppose it. It is now before committee, and cannot be reported before Tuesday or Wednesday next, and it has been reported on the very day it came down from your house, (which of course it could not) and had been subjected to amendments in the Lower House, it could not have passed this Session."

"Mr. Flint's Bill was never reported from the standing or other committee, because he neither sent him self nor got any other person to attend to it for him, which he should have done had he been desirous of going on with his Bill, after receiving my letter. This fact, in all his noise about the burking of his Bill, he has failed to state. Perhaps from his point of view he did not see the force of it. Mr. Flint's Bill could not have been moved by any person in the House until it emerged from the Standing Orders committee. It is therefore clear that after receiving my letter, if he were desirous of proceeding with his Bill it was his duty to have looked after it in committee, that it might come before the House. I here ask Mr. Flint, who burked the Bill? He was notified by me that I would not attend to it, or rather that I would oppose it. His allowing it to drop was therefore clearly his own act. It remained on the orders of the House, and was not struck off until the 26th of Sept., at the slaughter of the Innocents, and when the Hon. Mr. Brown, who was one of the Government deputation which met us, and the Attorney-General West said 'drop this bill'. This was fully in accordance with our interview with the Government and to have passed this bill of Mr. Flint's would have been exhibiting want of confidence in the position the Government had assumed on our Railway question."

"After our interview with the Government and in notice in writing to Mr. Flint, I did not intend to allow the Bill to go on if I could prevent it, as I intended to act in good faith with the Government, who were as I believe, acting in good faith with the petitioners. It was, moreover, proper, and my duty to my constituents, to defeat the bill, had the bill ever come again before the House, in order to prevent any other set of schemers taking advantage of its provisions by organizing the corporation, and then refusing to go on with the undertaking, or surrender it, unless they were first bought off. It is one of the most common methods taken by railroad jobbers to get possession of the charter (or bill) and then stand by the way till bought off. This at all hazards I intended to prevent. No advantage to the public could possibly arise from allowing Mr. Flint's bill to pass, as there were, like the instance just given, many injuries which might have been inflicted upon the public if the bill had been made law. Any man of experience would supply them without my here adding them. In fact Mr. Flint's bill passed, I am confident, the public would not have been built, but a swindle would have been perpetrated. Any person of common sense can see that the mere passing of a bill was the smallest possible step towards constructing the railway. What the work demands is money or money's worth, and Mr. Flint's bill did not provide either. It is iron what has already been said, some will be perceptive they saw something more, than a mere desire to construct a railway lurking behind Mr. Flint's bill, and some by this time can point out the pa-

concerned." * * * I am satisfied that my constituents will say that I acted in their interest, and with proper judgment. For outside croakers I care not a pin. * * * I think I may justly ask my slanders to acknowledge that the prospects of this county ever having a railway never looked so bright."

To the Editor of the Madoc Mercury.

MADOC, Oct. 9th, 1865.

Sir.—Messrs. Deans & Gray are evidently mistaken when, in their communication of last week, they guess that the merchants of Madoc are envious of their success. Whatever feeling may have been created ~~in~~, no doubt, at the supposed distinction made by you—in passing over others that you will admit have some claims to notice. But when learning since that the material for the notice and payment for it were furnished in a regular business way by Messrs. D. & G.—the right to *puff themselves* in that or any other way they please is conceded at once.

M.

CAPTURE OF A GANG OF COINERS.—It has been known for some time to the inhabitants of the Western part of the County, that certain individuals were engaged in "making money"; but the popular belief was, that those persons had discovered a silver mine in the back country, and were making their surreptitious coinage of genuine metal. This belief being fostered and maintained by the circumstance of the coiners abstaining from circulating their spurious money in this quarter of the province, if indeed they pass it in Canada. Information of their doings having been received at the seat of government, Detective Armstrong, who so cleverly broke up the Hamilton gang of thieves, was sent down to look after them and has been since the 23rd September in the neighbourhood, laying the snare in which he has taken his birds at last. His proceedings will be briefly related as follows:—Representing himself as one Dr. Strachan of New York, he managed to get acquainted with some of the gang, and intended to want a quantity of their manufacture to dispose of on the other side; under this pretence he got two of them, James Quackenbush of Seymour, and Andrew Potter of Trenton, to meet him on the 23rd at Weese's Hotel, in this town, where they were arrested by himself and Captain James, and lodged in gaol.

Armstrong and Capt. James then went out into the country, and meeting another of the culprits, named M. S. Bailey, on the road near Frankford, arrested him, and Capt. James brought him into Belleville, while Armstrong went on, and on the following day caught in other two, Samuel Baily and Renard Quackenbush. Capt. James then went and searched Quackenbush's house and found their press, weighing upwards of 300 lbs., with the screw and dies wrapped in a cloth. The screw of the press had been previously concealed under the flooring of the Sidney Town Hall.

The prisoners were examined before Smith Bartlett, Esq., P.M., on Saturday, when Bailey was admitted to bail, and the others were remanded until Saturday the 11th inst., when their final examination will take place.

The press, dies, &c., are of first rate workmanship, and some specimens of their handiwork are close copies of the current coin, even to the milling around the edges, and well calculated to deceive the unwary. We are informed that James Quackenbush has already suffered in prisonment in the state prison, at Auburn, for a similar offence, and is reported to be a complete adept in the art of counterfeiting.—*Indep.*

The Napance *Ledger* office was entirely consumed on Thursday last, as well as a frame and a stone building beside it.

The Toronto express train ran into a freight train at Stratford, on the main line of the Grand Trunk railway, at the Stratford station, at 7 o'clock Friday morning last. Daveril, the driver of the freight, was killed, and the fireman, Dommally, died of his injuries. Ryan, the signal man at the station, was committed for trial for manslaughter.

TAXES! TAXES! TAXES!

THE COUNCIL of this Municipality have directed the Collector to make a complete Return of his Roll for 1865 within the month of DECEMBER next; and TAXPAYERS are here notified that ALL TAXES MUST BE PAID to the Collector at the FEAST DAYS' notification.

J. R. KETCHESON, T. CLERK.

Town-Hall, Madoc, Oct. 2nd, 1865.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining in Madoc Post Office up to the 30th September, 1865.

Bateman & Brown
Brown, David
Bradshaw, David
Bradshaw & Co
Bateman, Wm
Butterworth, Mrs
Chisholm, M
Corning, H H
Derry, Robert
Egan, Anson
Egan, Thos
Egert, Daniel
Fox, Wm (3)
Fitzpatrick, John
Ferguson, R T
Gollum, Mrs H
Greene, Thos
Gibson, R H
Hayes, Miss Nancy
Hall, R G
Liggins, James
Higginson, Mr
Hyland, E
Hogg, Wm
Howe, Alex
King, Robert
Kelly, John
McEvoy, Jacob (2)
McKnight, Jas Wm
Martin, David
McArdle, Wm
Mackintosh, M (2)
Mahoney, M
Munroe, L
Maynes, John
Ladd, Jas
Reenie, Wm
Rox, Alex
Riley, Jno
Short, W B
Smith, At x
Todd, Fortune (2)
Witcher, Rev Jas
Wauhawker, W H
Wauhawker, M
Whinney, C R
Young, Riley A
Young, Nancy J

Parties calling for Advertised Letters will please ask for such.

A. F. WOOD, Postmaster.

PROCLAMATION!!

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 18th, 1865.

HAVING been APPOINTED by His Excellency the GOVERNOR-GENERAL as a

DAY OF THANKSGIVING

FOR THE ABUNDANT HARVEST.

I would respectfully call upon the people of the TOWNSHIP and VILLAGE of MADOC to render it due observance, not only for the purpose of paying due respect to the name of His Excellency, but also to return thanks to a kind Providence for the many mercies rendered in an abundant Harvest, and for Peace and Plenty in all the Land.

A. F. WOOD,
Keeve of Madoc.

Madoc, Oct. 7th, 1865.

Belleville and Marmora Railroad.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that APPLICATION will be made at the next Sitting of the Provincial Parliament for an Act to Incorporate a Company to BUILD A RAILWAY from BELLEVILLE to MARMORA, by way of the Villages of Fowl, Bridgewater, and Madoc, or otherwise, and for a GRANT of Public Lands, to aid in the construction thereof.

BILLA FLINT.

Belleville, 18th September, 1865.

I further give notice that I shall be careful and place said Act, when passed the Upper House, in the hands of some Member of the Legislative Assembly, who will not deceive me and Burke the Bill.

BILLA FLINT.

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS INDEBTED TO ME are hereby notified to Call and Settle up before the 20th NOVEMBER next. And All Persons having any Claims against me are requested to Present them for settlement, as I am about to leave the neighbourhood.

ROBERT ALOAN.

Lot No. 18, 1st Concession of Elzevir.

DR. NICHOL,

A NEXPERIENCED HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, and ACCOUCHEUR, may be consulted at his residence on Pittman Street, opposite the old Westover Church, Belleville, between the hours of 10 A.M. and 2 P.M. each day. During the past eleven years, Dr. Nichol has paid particular attention to Chronic Diseases, and he has made a special study of Diseases of Children. Patients suffering from either Acute or Chronic Diseases, are to their own homes, if required.

Belleville, June 26th, 1865.

W. HUDGINS

RESPECTFULLY inform the Public that his new Hotel erected in the centre of the village, is now finished and completely furnished and ready for the reception of guests. THE NORTH AMERICAN HOTEL, Fronts on Main Street, in all its arrangements to any first class hotel in any village in Canada. A Good Laird and Stables attached to the premises. All the Liquors are of the very best quality and brands.

45 Fine Ale and Porter always on draught.

MEDICAL HALL,
DURHAM STREET, MADOC.

C. G. WILSON,
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST.

NORTH HASTINGS.

JOB PRINTING

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

Executed at the

"MERCURY"

OFFICE, MADOC,

(The Only Printing Establishment in the North Riding.)

With Neatness and Dispatch.

SUPPORT THE LOCAL INSTITUTIONS!!

DR. J. S. LOOMIS,

OF MCGILL COLLEGE,

HAS OPENED AN OFFICE in the Village of MADOC, in Mr. WEISS'S New Building, opposite WILSON'S MEDICAL HALL.

All Calls will be promptly attended to.

FOR SCHOOL BOOKS, STATIONERY,
AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS,

At Publishers' Prices, Call At

WILSON'S DRUG STORE,
DURHAM STREET, MADOC.

A. F. WOOD,
MARRIAGE LICENSE AGENT,
MADOC.

J. R. KETCHESON,

Township Clerk,

WILL be at the TOWN-HALL, MADOC, every SATURDAY, to attend to the business of the Township.

MR. GREAM,

Solicitor and Attorney of the Chancery and Law Courts of England

Conveyancer, Coroner, &c.

JAMES FITZGERALD,
ATTORNEY AND CONVEYANCER
MADOC.

FOR SALE, OR TO LET,
THE HOUSE on the North side of KELLAR'S BRIDGE.

It is well adapted and situated for a

GENERAL STORE,

Being eight miles distant from the Village of Hastings, on the new Gravel Road to Tudor. Six Acres of Land attached.

For TERMS, inquire at the MERCURY Office.

C. E. RANKIN,
PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR,
CIVIL ENGINEER, &c.

Office, Huddins' Hotel, Madoc.

MADOC MARKET PRICES.

	SATURDAY, October 14, 1865.
ASHES	9 3 per cwt.
BARLY	49 46 cents.
OATS	30 cents.
WHEAT, white	91 22.
DO., mixed	91.
RYE	42 cents.
PEAS	35 cents.
HIDES	1 1/2 per lb.
FORK	1 1/2 per lb.
BUTTER	52.
EGGS	52.
HAY	67 per ton.

BELLEVILLE MARKETS.

Fall Wheat, white, 6s 3d 37s 6d.	Spring Wheat, 6s 4d 34s 3d.
Barley, 6s 2d 27s 2d.	Oats, 3s 6d 21s 6d.
Pars, 6s 0d 28s 2d.	Butter, 6s 1d 31s 1d.
Potash, 2s 9d 13s 9d.	Flax, 1s 1d 6s 1d.

ATRA CURA.

Horses, landlord, and six good pair,
To bear the old Lord back to town,
Far from the broad lands, gay with clover,
Far from the rolling grassy down.

Mount, postillions, and spur us fast,
Till all the mugs are gathered with white;
For our Lord is weary of country pleasures,
And must be in his opera box to-night.

Look back through the carriage window;
There is our yellow and wizened Lord;
He's trying to sleep in the padded corner;
And close by his side there lies his sword.

Now the caravans are passing past us,
For the mountains are high and bold;
Hills and orchards, and waves of hills,
And ploughlands, and fallows, and thirsty wolds.

Fling the horses, postboys, faster;
Let us fly like a ship before the wind.
In the heart of these black old country manors,
The old hag, Care, we have left behind.

The downs are growing small behind us;
The hills recede. Ha! soon we'll see
The black dome rising above the city,
That rolls below it angrily.

Yes, now we're almost close to London.
The Saints above us! it's all in vain,
For close beside our sleeping master
There sits the old black hag again!

A QUEER COURTSHIP.

It was a wild winter's night, and we, six in number, were seated around a genial bright fire in my uncle's cosy sitting-room. We had come from our homes to spend Christmas with him, and a merry time we had passed. Christmas had gone and our visit had been protracted far beyond our original intentions.

Uncle Richard and his wife, Aunt Jenny, were great favourites with us. They had no children of their own, and were always glad to have any young people visit them, and happy enough were we to avail ourselves of the privilege.

On the night in question, after tea was finished, we were gathered in the sitting room. Aunt Jenny was sitting by the table on which rested the lamp, sewing, and Uncle Richard was gazing abstractedly into the fire and listening to the storm as it howled around the house, and shook to its foundations.

'What a fearful night,' said Aunt Jenny, after a long silence. 'I was thinking just now how we should make it pleasant for you, my dears. What shall we do?'

'I have it,' said I, quickly, 'Uncle Richard shall tell us a story.'

'A story,' said my Uncle, looking up from the fire. 'I am afraid I shall have to refuse you, Nellie, I have no talent for story telling.'

'We can't let you off,' I exclaimed. 'A story we must have, uncle. Tell us one of your own adventures. You know you have been a perfect Sinbad in

Uncle Richard scratched his head, and laughed.

'How would you like a love story?' he asked.

'The very thing. Let us have one, by all means,' was the unanimous reply.

'Well, then,' he said, with a comical glance at Aunt Jenny, 'I'll tell you how I won my wife.'

'Now, Richard,' began Aunt Jenny, blushing.

'Never mind, my dear,' said my uncle; 'it will interest them, and, he added, with a laugh, it may give them some hints by which they may profit hereafter.'

Uncle Richard stirred the fire, and then settling himself comfortably in his chair, told us his story.

'You must know, my dear children, that when I was a young man I was what is generally termed "very fast." I don't think I was as bad as most young men, or even as the majority of them; but nevertheless I was looked upon by good, steady people, as a dangerous companion for their sons. I was not long acquiring this reputation, and it clung to me long after I deserved it. I began to mend my ways when I was about twenty-five, but I was more than thirty, before I got credit for being a better man, and it was during this time that I met your aunt. It was a case of love at first sight; something by the way, of which you young ladies are fond of hearing, but which I am powerless to explain. It was real, honest, true love, though, and she was worthy of it.'

Uncle Richard's eyes wandered over to where his wife was sitting and meeting there an answering smile, wandered back to the fire and he went on.

'We first met in a party, and after that very frequently. I determined to be a better man, and to fit myself for the new life to which I inspired. Jenny saw my efforts and encouraged them. Her father, however, did not believe in my good intentions, and he found I wanted to marry his daughter, was

in-law, I never had a better, truer friend. The old man is gone now, and I hope he is happy. The old gentleman had been a soldier in the war of 1812, and had carried his military discipline into his family, were he was very strict. He was, in addition to this, an elder in the Presbyterian church, and was not at all disposed to regard any short comings with leniency. One morning I was sitting in my office, getting ready to go into court, when in walked old Major Shorter.

'Good morning, major,' said I, 'take a seat.'

'He returned my greeting, and took the chair to which I pointed. He sat there for at least five minutes, regarding me with a fixity that made me feel uncomfortable. When he had finished his inspection he placed his stick in front of him, and leaning his chin on it, looked at me steadily, and said in an abrupt manner:

'Richard Sturgis, I have called this morning on a matter which was unpleasant to me, and which we had better settle at once. Tell me frankly what is your motive in visiting my daughter so frequently?'

'To be frank with you, Major Shorter,' I replied boldly. 'I am very anxious to make her my wife.'

'Humph?' muttered the old man, shortly, I thought so. I suppose you intended to speak to me about this matter?'

'I did, sir, but not for some time yet.'

'Well, then, you must save yourself any further trouble about it, for I'll give you my answer now. You can't have her.'

I rose to my feet in astonishment.

'I suspected your motives,' continued Major Shorter, 'and I thought it best to come here and let you understand the matter before it is too late. I love my daughter, Mr. Sturgis, and I have no idea of seeing her ruin her happiness by marrying a dissipated man.'

I assured him that I had abandoned my old habits and was leading a new life, but it was in vain; the old man would not believe me, and our interview ended in a quarrel and my being forbidden his house. I had certainly made a bad beginning, but I was by no means disengaged. I had not said anything to Jenny about the state of my feelings, and I determined to do so at once. I had an engagement to meet her at a friend's and accompany her home that evening. During the walk, I addressed her and was accepted. I told her all that had passed between her father and myself, and she, dear girl, was indignant at her father's course. It was plain that I could not visit her at home as usual, and we set to work to devise a plan for our future meetings. The major was a regular attendant upon the Wednesday night prayer meetings of his church, and was generally absent about two hours. Besides meeting at the houses of our friends, we agreed that I should visit her at home while her father was absent at prayer meeting. This plan worked admirably for a while, but, like everything human, broke down at last. One night Jenny and I were easily chattering in the parlour, when we heard the rattle of a latch key, in the front door. Jenny sprang up in alarm.

'There's papa,' she exclaimed, 'what shall we do? You can't get through the back way, and he is at the front door.'

My first impulse was to rush by the major, and upset him if he got in my way; but a moment's reflection convinced me that this would never do, and just then I heard the front door closed and locked. My resolution was taken in a moment.

'Open the parlour door, I said to Jenny, in a whisper, 'and do nothing to arouse his suspicion.'

Jenny opened the door and I placed myself behind it. As I did so, the major entered the room. I trembled in every joint; if he should shut the door I should be discovered. I had not thought of this when I selected my place of concealment.

'Shut the door, Jenny,' said the major, as he came in.

'No, papa,' she exclaimed, hurriedly, 'it's so warm in here that I want the air,' and she pushed the door back so far that she nearly crushed me.

'Warm!' said the old man, sharply, 'warm! You must be dreaming. It is freezing out of doors.'

'I'm gone,' I thought, and I prepared myself for a scuffle.

'However,' said the major, 'it may be warm here, for you have a terrible fire in that stove. You may leave the door open.'

A load was taken from my mind. The old man sat in the parlour for at least half an hour, and that time he devoted to abusing me, and telling Jenny about my impudence in wanting to marry her. Sometimes I was indignant at the injustice of his remarks, but as a general thing I could scarcely restrain my laughter. My position was a trying one. I was compelled to get up as close to the wall as possible, in order to avoid attracting the major's attention, and to breathe as lightly as I could. The draught which came in through the crack of the door produced a constant inclination to cough, and in mortal dread lest I should yield to it and myself. The half hour seemed to me like years instead of so many minutes, and I was beyond description when I saw at last the old man get up and leave the room. As he went out he closed the door after him, and as we heard him ascend the stairs to his chamber, Jenny and I broke heartily laugh.

'You are safe for the present,' she said, 'but you must go away at once. It will not be prudent to stay out at the front door, as papa will hear you must go out at the window.'

The window was raised softly, and giving J. a kiss, I sprang out of it. I had scarcely touched the ground when I was seized by the collar, and a voice demanded to know why I had left the house that way. Looking up, I found myself in the hands of a watchman. While I was hesitating what to do, Jenny, who had heard the question, said to the watchman:

'It's all right, policeman; the front door was mislaid, and the gentleman had to leave the house through the window.'

'Who are you?' asked the watchman.

'I am Miss Shorter,' she said, 'and the gentleman is Mr. Sturgis, a friend of my father.'

'If you say so, miss, I suppose it's all right,' the watchman, releasing me; 'but,' he muttered, turned away, 'it's very queer to do business that style.'

The next morning, before I left my office, I received a visit from Major Shorter. Declining an offer of a seat, the old man came up in front of my desk, and looking me straight in the face, sharply:

'Richard Sturgis, you were at my house last night. I'm sorry I did not know it, for I would have you punished your impudence deserves.'

I began to explain the matter, but he cut me off.

'Never mind,' he said, 'it's over now, and it is best helped. Don't try it again, for I warn you to be on the watch for you.'

He turned abruptly and left me. I certainly was rather sheepish, but I determined not to be out. I was determined to marry Jenny, and he was resolved that I should not, and from all appearance struggle bade fair to be a hard one.

(To be concluded next week.)

VARIETIES.

Hot bread is said to be like the caterpillar, for reason that it is "the grub that makes the butterfly."

A London merchant recently advertised for a who could "bear confinement." He received a answer from a person who had been upwards of years in jail.

"My dear," said a gentleman to a young lady he hoped to marry, "do you intend to make a family?" "No," replied the lady, "Nature has made me the trouble."

At a recent church fair, a set of Cooper's books was promised to the individual who should answer certain set of conundrums. The winner received a set of wooden pails.

"Paddy," said a joker, "why don't you get your ears clipped?" they are entirely too long for a man.

"And yours," replied Paddy, "ought to be clipped—they are too short for an ass."

A pair of white dwarf elephants, about a Newfoundland dog, have been brought to London from India. Barnum has secured one of them, it is now on its way to America.

It is proposed to purchase the cottage in Milton completed "Paradise Lost," in order that it may be preserved as a memorial of the poet, situated in Chalfont St. Giles, a village in Buckinghamshire.

There is a good story of a lady of unfortunate acquirements, to the effect that she was once occasion so affected by the preaching of a certain sermon, that she borrowed a sovereign from her neighbour, and put it in her pocket.

The term Fenian is derived from the Fenian Fiann. In the antiquated Gaelic it is written Fian. It was a name given to an order or class of professional soldiers among the pagan Irish, long before the Christian era. In ordinary times the Fiann consisted of three legions. In each legion were thousand men; but in war there were usually legions.

A QUEER COURSHIP.

(Concluded.)

For several days I did my best to get a message to Jenny, but failed. At last I hit upon a plan of communication. Major Shorter's house was built directly on the street, and as he had forbidden me to darken his doors, I resolved to make use of the windows, which, as somebody very justly remarks, "are just as good as doors, provided they have no nails in them to tear your breeches." On the next Sunday night I stationed myself in the shadow of the doorway of the church, and as Jenny came by, accompanied by her father, I managed to slip a note into her hand. In it I revealed my plan to her, and as she passed out of church, a bright look which she gave me signified her willingness to adopt it.

Every evening after this, at dusk, when I passed Major Shorter's house, I found one of the parlour windows slightly raised, and Jenny sitting by it, hidden in the heavy curtain. I would slip into her hand a note with which I had provided myself before leaving home, receive one in return, press her hand, and be off before her father could see me. This continued for about three weeks, when it was broken up by a rather unpleasant occurrence.

"One evening I had gone with my note as usual, and had placed my hand in through the window when it was suddenly seized in a vice-like grasp, and the old Major thundered, as he threw up the window.

"Now, you scoundrel, I've got you, have I? I'll make you remember me, you impudent villain!"

And with that he almost crushed my hand. I yelled with pain.

"It hurts, does it?" growled the old man, savagely. "Not so soft and tender as the hand you expected to squeeze, you will find."

Before this I had been too much surprised to speak now I cried out angrily: "Let my hand alone, Major Shorter. What right have you to treat me in this manner?"

"Right!" he shouted, "right! Zounds, sir, what right have you to stick your hand in at my window? I've a notion to have you arrested as a thief."

"Take care, sir," I exclaimed, trying to wrench my hand from him. "You may regret this."

"Wait till I get out there, and I'll make you regret it."

He released my hand, and started to come out after me, but I did not wait for him. I had no desire to get into a fuss with him, so I took to my heels.

The next day I received a note from the major. It was short and sweet, and somewhat to this effect:

"Sir:—You are an impudent blackguard. In chancing you last night I fell and hurt my leg, which prevents me from seeing you this morning. I write now to inform you that if I catch you lurking around my house again, I shall certainly shoot you."

"Very respectfully yours,

"JOHN SHORTER."

This letter, especially after my experience of the previous night, made me feel very uncomfortable, but I consol'd myself with the reflection that you must catch a man before you can hang him. I set to work to devise another plan, and when I had arranged it to my satisfaction, communicated it to Jenny by slipping a note into her hand at church.

In the rest of Major Shorter's dwelling was an alley. The back building extended to this alley, and in the second story was a window overlooking it. I asked Jenny in my note to tie her letters to a string and lower them from the window, after dark; I would then get them, and tie my letters to the string in return. This was not to last long. One evening I had just tied my letter to the string, when I was startled by a loud "bang" from the window above, and a smarting in my hands. Away I sped, followed by another report. I heard the old man shouting after me, but did not wait to hear what he had to say. When I got home I examined my hands, when smarted painfully, but the wounds were very slight; the major had evidently loaded the gun with salt, which, while it was quite painful at first, was not dangerous. I was sorely tempted to retaliate upon him, but the reflection that such a course might lose me Jenny, determined me to take it as quietly as possible. I encountered the major on the stairs the next day, but although he called to me that he wished to see me, I avoided him. I had had enough of him for some time to come.

I did not see or hear from Jenny for at least a month after this. At last I received a note from her one morning, telling me to come to the house that night, that her father had left the city, and would not return until the next day.

When night came I hastened to the house, and was met by Jenny at the door. I spent a pleasant evening

ing with her, and was just rising to go away, when we heard the front door open.

"O dear, there's papa now. What shall we do?" exclaimed Jenny, in alarm.

We had no time to lose, so I told her to be quiet, and concealed myself behind the sofa.

The major came in directly after, and seeing Jenny's anxious and flurried look, at once suspected the cause of it. He seated himself upon the sofa behind which I was concealed, and I heard him give an angry grunt. It was clear my presence was known to him.

"Jenny, dear," said he, "go into the kitchen and tell Tom to bring me a bucket of hot water."

"Shall I tell him to take it up to your room, papa?" asked Jenny, tremulously.

"No, dear, tell him to bring it here."

"In the parlour, papa?" she began. He cut her short, and replied, sharply:

"Yes, in the parlour. Tell him to be quick about it. Go along, girl. What are you hesitating about?"

Jenny left the room. As she went out I heard her crying. I was confident that the old man wanted to call me, and I had no idea of waiting quietly for him to do so. Still it was no easy matter to retreat. I glanced up over the sofa, to take a look at the state of affairs. The major was sitting with his back to me, and his face to the door through which Jenny had disappeared. He knew well where I was concealed, but he paid no attention to me, so sure was he that he had me in his clutches. My position was desperate, and so was the resolution I formed.

White his back was still turned to me, I sprang to my feet, and giving the sofa a push, sent the major rolling over on the floor, and before he could regain his feet, I had passed through the parlour door and locked it on the outside. Calling to Jenny to come and release her father, I left the house and returned home.

Feeling assured that the major would call on me in a very amiable mood the next morning, I left town to avoid seeing him. When I returned, I learned that he had been to my office, and had vowed vengeance against me. I continued to keep out of his way, however, until his wrath subsided, for it was not to my interest to meet him.

After this, I did not see Jenny for a long time. At last, I could stand the separation no longer, so I wrote to Jenny to stay at home the next Sunday morning, and I would see her while her father was at church.

On the appointed day I was at the house, fully intending to go away before the major should return. Unfortunately, however, I overstayed my time, as usual, and the major came in so suddenly that he cut off my retreat. It was useless to attempt to hide in the parlour, for he knew my tricks too well by this time, so I hurried out of the door leading to the back part of the house, and seeing the door to the cellar open, bolted into it. I had hardly got down the stairs, when he came to the door.

"Well, Mr. Sturgis," said he, "so you are here again."

"It seems so, sir," I replied, not knowing what else to say.

"How long do you expect to stay?" he asked.

"I was about to go as you came in," I said. "I may as well do so now."

"Not yet," he said, sharply. "You seem so fond of my house that I'll give you more of it than you bargained for. I warrant you, however, you'll not find my cellar as comfortable as my parlour."

With this he turned off and locked the door on me. I looked around the cellar for some other mode of egress, but could find none. It was a close, well-built cellar, lighted by only one grated window. It was clean and well-arranged, but quite cool. Finding that I had no means of escape, I settled myself on a box, and tried to make the best of my condition. In a short time I discovered that the major's stock of wine was stored in the cellar. Selecting a bottle of prime old port, I took out the stopper with my knife, and paid my respects to it. I had no idea how long I was to be kept there.

About four o'clock in the afternoon the door at the head of the stairs opened, and Major Shorter made his appearance.

"Well, Mr. Sturgis," said he, mockingly, "how do you like your quarters?"

"Very much, sir," I replied, with an air of unconcern. "I say, major, this is capital old port you have here."

"Thunder!" shouted the major, "you have not been to my wine, have you?"

"I have taken the liberty to enliven the monotony of my position," I answered, laughing.

"You have the advantage of me there," said the major, after a pause. "You are not worth a bottle of port. Come up, and I'll let you go home."

"I assure you I am very well satisfied, replied.

"Come up, and be off from here, I say," exclaimed the old man, angrily.

I went up stairs, carrying with me the bottle which I had been drinking. As I reached the top of the stairs, the old man broke into a laugh.

"You have been too much for me to-day, said he.

I went out of the house, and returned home a few days after this. I received a note from

England, with the hope of getting rid of me, but night matters to a crisis, and we determined, as I had my father's unjust opposition, and take responsibility of marrying.

Everything was in readiness. The carriage

the cross street near Jenny's home, and I was

near the door for her. She came out soon, and hurried to the carriage. It was quite dark when

got there, and helping Jenny into it, I ordered the driver to take me to the Rev. Mr. ——'s home.

He had hardly gotten into the carriage, when son

on the front seat, whom I had not noticed

at all, very quietly: "Upon my life, this is cool."

Jenny gave a scream of alarm, and I recognized the voice of Major Shorter. He had discovered

plans, and had taken his seat in the carriage for the purpose of thwarting them.

"And so you two fools are going to be married without my consent!"

"You have unjustly withheld it, Major Sh

said I, and we have determined to act for our

You have no right to act towards us from

groundless prejudices."

I expected an angry retort, but the old man

very mildly when he replied.

"I have been thinking during the last half

Mr. Sturgis," he said, "that I have not acted

about the matter. I will be just towards us

out now, and let the carriage take us home, and

and see me in the morning. I promise you,

shall have no cause to complain of me."

He held out his hand to me; I took it most

and bidding both parties good night, left the

riage.

The next day I called on the major, and before

him, we arranged matters to our entire satis

faction. He agreed to put me on probation for

months more, and promised me that if at the end

time I was steady and deserving, Jenny should be

wife. I passed the ordeal, married Jenny, and

had a better friend than her father proved

hearsers, is how I won my wife. No doubt you

will rat me a queer courtship; and so was

brought me a dear good wife."

Uncle Richard fell to poking the fire again,

we all listened to the storm once more.

VARIETIES.

Miss Tompkins says that every unmarried lady has passed the Cape of Good Hope.

The wits of the Channel Fleet have invented

unparalleledly humorous evasions of pronouncing

well-worn parrase, the *extante cordiale*, as the "au

cordial."

A sentimental young lady having asked a g

man why he did not secure some fond one's com

cross the ocean of life, replied that he would

be here in the ocean would be *Pacific*.

A man named McCormick, 115 years old, live

New Windsor, N. Y. He has lived on pota

corned beef and cabbage, has worked hard and

very little water or anything else.

A waterspot in the forest of Chantilly tore up

hundred trees in five minutes.

In prosperity it is the easiest of all things to fi

friend; in adversity it is of all things the

difficult.

Cunning leads to knavery; it is but a step

one to the other; and that very slippery; lying

makes the difference; add it to cunning and

knavery.

A curious project is talked of, nothing less

the bringing water from the Severn to London

on pipes. There is no practical obstacle, as it

and it is only a question of money.

"Dear me!" exclaimed a lady, as she looked

bon constrictor in a show, "why the skin of the

is of a regular tartan pattern?" "It is,

rejoined her husband, "and this is

Shakspeare alluded to when he talked about a

being 'scotched.' " This m' toches the Cockney

ble-boy, who thought that a gentleman, whom he

in Highland costume, had been "fired."

THE MADOC MERCURY

AND NORTH RIDING NEWS.

A Weekly Journal of Local and General Information,
Will be Published every Saturday Morning, at 7*cents* a copy or One Dollar a Year, STRICTLY in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS WILL BE INSERTED ON THE FOLLOWING TERMS FOR CASH:—

Six lines, first insertion	0 50
Each subsequent insertion	0 12 5
Six to ten lines, first insertion	0 70
Each subsequent insertion	0 16
Above ten lines (per line) first insertion	0 07
Each subsequent insertion, per line	0 2

All Communications for the MERCURY to be addressed (post-paid) to A. SMALLFIELD, Madoc Post Office.

For sale at WILSON'S MEDICAL HALL, Madoc, where Subscribers in and near the village may obtain their copies, and orders for the paper and advertisements will obligingly be received.

SUBSCRIPTIONS PAYABLE YEARLY OR QUARTERLY IN ADVANCE.

A correspondent of the New York Herald tells a cock-and-a-bull story about the fears caused in Canada in consequence of the doings of the Fenian Brotherhood. A rail into Canada may be among the follies contemplated by the Fenians, but assuredly they are not shaking at the thought of it. Canadians are prepared for all of the Brotherhood who can possibly come over with hostile intent, and in providing a suitable reception for them will be nixed by the great mass of our Catholic fellow-subjects, who are as loyal to the country as they are indifferent to the vapourings of Irish-Yankee Fenians.—Leader.

New York, Oct. 25.—A number of eminent Italian residents of this city, on Saturday waited upon the President with a petition from the Italian executive committee of Milan for the abolition of capital punishment, in behalf of mercy to Jefferson Davis. The President received the petition with only the inquiry, in an accent of surprise, "They plead for Jefferson Davis?"

THE MADOC MERCURY
AND NORTH RIDING NEWS.

MADOC, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28.

The telegraphic summary of news by the Hibernian does not make it quite clear whether the American insisted in England, in informing Earl Russell that his government "cannot avoid entailing the responsibility upon Great Britain" for the damages caused to American commerce by Confederate cruisers during the late civil war,—has actually made a formal demand for payment of those losses; but it is certain that Earl Russell, on the part of Her Majesty's Government, has decidedly "declined to make reparation and compensation for captures made by the *Alabama*." The *Daily News* and the *Star*, which are very American in their "proclivities," are alarmed lest the friendly relations between England and America may be disturbed by the dispute, and by a deliberate attempt by the Americans to exact payment for the losses from England; but it does not appear that Mr. Adams persisted in the demand—if he made it at all—but contented himself with a threat "that if the doctrines and practices of the British Government are allowed to become the rule, the United States will not be the greatest losers thereby." However "severe in tone" the compiler of the summary may deem Mr. Adams' reply, we do not suppose that "Her Majesty's Government" consider that remark a preliminary to a declaration of war.

This new "difficulty" between the United

States and Great Britain will no doubt be made use of by those in this Province who desire annexation, as a fresh proof that Canada's only danger from her neighbourhood to the Republic lies in her connection with the mother country. We are inclined, however, to think that we are in very little danger so far as the Americans themselves are concerned; and that although they allow the Fenians to hold their Congress in Philadelphia, where they amuse themselves with creating a new government, consisting of a "Senate, President, military, naval and financial bureaux with secretaries of treasury and of war," issuing bonds of the Irish Republic, &c., the U. S. Government would very soon put a stop to their nonsense, if the Fenians, now they have made a complete fizzle of it in Ireland, should attempt to carry out their rumoured intention of seizing upon British North America. Just so long as these Provinces remain "British," we have a pretty good guarantee that no organized military force of the Fenians will ever be allowed to cross the frontier.

Those amongst the Americans who desire to annex Canada would not desist, even if we were separated from Great Britain. As it is they are even now advising us that it would be better to join the Union now, and so avoid the contingency of war, which may arise out of the smuggling from Canada, in which Americans indulge at the present time, on account of their own excessive duties on foreign imports.

With Confederation, internal and external free trade, and direct taxation, the British American Province's would soon become the most flourishing country in the world. The impediments in the way of our realizing that prosperity will not come from Great Britain and our connection with her, but are much more likely to be found in the jealousy with which the United States will regard our freedom from the burdens they have entailed upon themselves by prosecuting their late struggle. The pressure of those burdens will, however, deter them from rashly rushing into another war.

Return of the Rev. D. Wishart.

We are happy to announce that Mr. Wishart and his family have returned safely from their visit to Scotland, and are again in Madoc, where they arrived on Thursday night.

Mr. Wishart's return, which has been delayed for a longer time than was at first expected, has been most cordially welcomed by his people, who have presented him with a new buggy, worth \$100, a new set of harness, and a sufficient sum to purchase a cutter; and the boys of the Sabbath school have contributed a buffalo robe. Total value, \$100.

The Rev. gentleman will fill his pulpit at the Presbyterian Church on Sabbath, the 29th inst.

The Railway Controversy.

Mr. Flint is out with another letter of nearly three columns length in the *Chronicle*, and Mr. T. C. Wallbridge with a third communication of a little over a column, in the same paper. Each sticks to his own view of the subject, and generally flatly contradicts the positions assumed by the other. Mr. Flint declines at this time to enlighten his opponent as to the price at which the proprietors of the Marmora Iron Works were willing to amalgamate with the Railway Company; and asserts that Mr. L. Wallbridge said to him "You know we can't get the land now, so you had better drop the bill, and in the meantime we can buy mineral lands" to which Mr. Flint objected.

We suppose the paper warfare will end, as Mr. Flint says—

"I have not done with Mr. W. yet. We to meet face to face before our constituents this thing is finally disposed of, and all I week's notice after the Assizes are over, in meet him before the public, either here or elsewhere."

And Mr. T. C. Wallbridge also announces to meet his accusers in any place in his constituency, from Ros in to Marquette, from Sault Ste. Marie, or in the Town Hall of Belleville, thinks he has accurately measured his men prepared for them singly or collectively, and in any place.

The Hematite Iron of Madoc.

To the Editor of the *Madoc Mercury*.

Sir.—I know from the impartiality which you shown in the controversy between the Hon. Mr. Wallbridge and Mr. Flint, that you will always the true interests of your readers in mind, I send you what I think will be valuable information to most of your readers, namely, results attained from the small consignment of hematite iron ore which the member for the North Riding and I myself sent to Three Rivers to be tested. The pig iron, &c., has not yet reached here when it does, it can be seen at Mr. William H. Grier's Foundry in Belleville, where he will be for the inspection of all who desire to judge fairly.

Yours very truly,

L. WALLBRIDGE.

(Copy.)

RAILWAY FORCES OFFICER.

THREE RIVERS, 16 Oct., 1865.

Hon. L. WALLBRIDGE, Belleville.

Dear Sir.—We now have the pleasure of sending you Bill of Lading per Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, together with one coke pan, and a piece of iron shewing chill, being part of a pig iron sent us by you; and we enclose our engineer's letter on that subject. In order to have your ore a fair trial, we were obliged to defer smelting of it much later than you seem to have anticipated. We, in the first place, ran out our furnace and put on your ore the first thing in making a new one; and as you will see by our engineer's letter, the furnace was very nearly being stopped through clogging, being the result of your ore not having been smelted previously. We send you only 10 pigs. We have still about 7 left here, and about 23 bars, which we will despatch you as you advise us when you receive it. We were not able to smelt up the whole of the ore, for the reason stated in our engineer's letter; and of course while the furnace was still that state, there was necessarily a large proportion of the ore drawn out crude instead of being smelted in iron, as it would have done had it been roasted. You will observe, our engineer considers it to produce very good iron for the production of Railway wheels, and we have no doubt, if you decide upon building furnaces, we could purchase largely of your iron.

Please acknowledge receipt; and any other information you may require we shall have pleasure in supplying you.

We remain, Dear Sir,

Your obedient servants,

A. LA RUE & CO.

(Copy of Engineer's Letter)

MESSRS. A. LA RUE & CO.
GENTLEMEN.—We have the Upper Canada ore, and I find that it will make a good quality of iron for making wheels, when the ore has been properly prepared. Before putting it in the furnace, it will require to be roasted. We tried it in the rough state, as we had no convenience to roast it, and it came near clogging the furnace. We were obliged to dip the iron out, so we could not tap it, it was too much clogged. I send you 10 pigs, one coke pan, one piece of chill cast directly from the blast furnace. The ore, when properly prepared, will yield 60 per cent, and make a good quality of iron.

I remain, Yours truly,

R. S. SCOTT.

SUPPORTING A PIG.—John Curick, of Madoc, was charged on Friday, the 23rd inst., before A. F. Wool and J. Dale, Esq., with maliciously shooting a hog, the property of Daniel O'Donnell, of Huntington. It appeared from the evidence that defendant was returning from gunning at Hog Lake on Wednesday, the 19th inst., in company with Willie Kirk, who was

ADVERTISEMENTS.

LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining in Madoc Post Office up to the 30th September, 1865.

Bateaman & Brown
Brown, David
Bradshaw, David
Bradshaw & Co
Brady, Wm
Butterworth, Mrs
Chisholm, M
Corning, H H
Derry, Robert
Dunmig, Anson
Egan, Thos
Embury, Daniel
F x, Wm (3)
Fitzpatrick, John
Ferguson, R T
Goddam, Mrs H
Greene, Thos
Gib on, R H
Hayes, Miss Nancy
Hall, R G
Hignett, James
Haggaran, Mr
Hyland, E
Hogg, Wm

Howe, Alex
King, Robert
Kelly, John
McCoy, Jacob (2)
McKintosh, Jas Wm
Martin, David
McAdie, Wm
McKintosh, M (2)
Mahoney, M
Monroe, L
Maynes, John
Luffin, Jas
Rennie, Wm
Rix, Alex
Riley, Jno
Short, W B
Smith, Al x
Toll, Fortune (2)
Witcher, Rev Jns
Wannamaker, W H
Wannamaker, M
Whin, ex C R
Young, Riley A
Young, Nancy J

Parties calling for Abstinent Letters will please ask for such.

A. F. WOOD, Postmaster.

HIDES ! HIDÉS !!

The Highest Price in CASH, for
Hides and Sheepskins.
SYLVANUS MULLETT.

TAXES ! TAXES ! TAXES !

THE COUNCIL of this Municipality have directed the COLLECTOR to make a complete Return of his Bills for 1865 for the next DECEMBER next; and TAXPAYERS are hereby required that ALL Taxes MUST be Paid to the Collector at or before the end of the FOURTEEN DAYS' notification.

By Order of Council,

J. R. KETCHESON, T. CLERK.
Office, TOWN-HALL, MADOC, Oct. 21, 1865.

Belleville and Marmora Railroad.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that APPLICATION will be made at the next Session of the Provincial Parliament, for an ACT to Incorporate a Company to BUILD A RAILWAY from BELLEVILLE to MARMORA, by way of the villages of Tweed, Bridgewater, and Madoc, or otherwise, and for a GRANT of Public Lands, to aid in the construction thereof.

BILIA FLINT.

Belleville, 18th September, 1865.

I further give notice that I shall be careful and place said Act, when passed the Upper House, in the hands of some Member of the Legislative Assembly, who will not deceive me and Burke the Bill.

BILIA FLINT.

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS INDEBTED TO ME are hereby notified to Call and Settle up before the 15th NOVEMBER next. And All Persons having any Claims against me are requested to Present them forthwith for settlement, as I am about to leave the neighbourhood.

ROBERT ALOAN.

Lot No. 12, 1st Concession of Elizavir.

DR. NICHOL,

A. N. EXPERIENCED HOMOEOPATHIC SURGEON, and ACCOUCHEUR, may be consulted at his residence on Penn Isle St. road, opposite the old Wesleyan Church, Bellville, between the hours of 1 A.M. and 2 P.M. each day.

During the past eleven years, Dr. Nichol has paid particular attention to Chronic Diseases, and has made a special study of Diseases of Children.

Patients suffering from either Acute or Chronic Diseases, seen at their own homes, if required.

Belleville, June 26th, 1865.

North American Hotel, Madoc.

RESPECTFULLY informs the Public that his new Hotel, erected on the site of the old stand, is now finished and ready for business, and will be open for the reception of guests.

THE NORTH AMERICAN HOTEL is quite equal in all its arrangements to any first class hotel in any village in Canada.

A Good Yard and Stables are added to the premises.

All the Liquors are of the very best quality and brands.

The expenditure for 18-19 cannot be furnished, as the accounts have not been received.

MEDICAL HALL.
BURNHAM STREET, MADOC.C. G. WILSON,
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST.

NORTH HASTINGS.

JOB PRINTING

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Executed at the

"MERCURY"

OFFICE: MADOC,

(The Only Printing Establishment in the North Ridings.)
With Neatness and Dispatch.

SUPPORT THE LOCAL INSTITUTIONS!!

Dr. J. S. LOOMIS,

OF MCGILL COLLEGE,

HIS OPENED AN OFFICE in the Village of MADOC, in
Mr. WEISS'S New Building, opposite WILSON'S MELL-
ITIN HALL.

All Calls will be promptly attended to.

FOR SCHOOL BOOKS, STATIONERY,
AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

At Publishers' Prices, Call At

WILSON'S DRUG STORE,
DURHAM STREET, MADOC.

A. F. WOOD,

MARRIAGE LICENSE AGENT,
MADOC.

J. R. KETCHESON,

TOWNSHIP CLERK,

WILL be at the TOWN-HALL, MADOC, every SATUR-
DAY, to attend to the business of the Township.

MR. GREEN,

Solicitor and Attorney of the Chancery and Law Courts
of England)

Conveyancer, Coroner, &c.

JAMES FITZGERALD,
ATTORNEY AND CONVEYANCER
MADOC.

FOR SALE, OR TO LET.

THE HOUSE on the North side of KELLAR'S BRIDGE.
It is well adapted and situated for a residence.

GENERAL STORE,

Being eight miles distant from the Village of Hastings, on the
new Gravel Road to Elizavir. Six Acres of Land attached.

For TERMS, inquire at the MERCURY Office.

C. E. RANKIN,

PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR,
CIVIL ENGINEER, &c.

Office, Hastings Hotel, Madoc.

MADOC MARKET PRICES.

SUNDAY, October 26, 1865.

ASHES	50 cents
BARLEY	55 cents
OATS	25 cents
WHEAT	61.40 per bushel
DOL. SPRING	61.60 per bushel
BYE	50 cents
HIDES	50 cents
FOR TURNIPS	0 per bushel
BUTTER	15.00 per lb.
EGGS	61. per dozen
HAY	67 per ton

BELLEVILLE MARKETS.

FULL WHEAT, white, 70 bushels	Spring Wheat, 50 bushels
Rye, 25 bushels	Barley, 25 bushels
Flax, 25 bushels	Oats, 10 bushels
Rye, 25 bushels	Hay, 61. per ton
Flax, 25 bushels	Potash, 24 bushels

EDNA FAIRLEIGH'S TEMPTATION.

'Yes, it is hard, very hard, my child; but God rules.'

Mrs. Fairleigh kissed the pale face of her daughter, Edna, as she stooped to arrange the shawl about her shoulders, and a half suppressed sigh stirred the folds of her mourning wrapper.

'I know, mother; but it is, at times, so difficult to realize it. Heaven, and its sweet glory, seem so very far away. But I will hope always for the best. If the worst does come, I think I can manage to keep us comfortable. You know Mr. Jameson gives me a little more for my work, and I could have some shoes to bind from Barley's.'

'My poor Edna!

'Nay, mother, am I not happy in toiling for you? It is well to have something for which to labour. And now, good morning; I'll not be gone long, it is so very pleasant I can go across the fields. It lessens the distance full half a mile.'

Edna Fairleigh put on her faded shawl, and tied the meagre ribbons of her hat, with a rebelling heart. She could not remember when she had felt so very hard and stubborn. There was no spirit of resignation, no steady faith, no hopeful trust, in the tense lines of the white face that looked at her out of the glass. She scarcely recognized herself.

Life had not been beautiful to her for many years. Do you know what it is to be filled with a fervid appreciation of all the rich, rare loveliness of earth's fair things, to hear continually within the dumb cry of the hungry soul for the tender beauty we know life sometimes holds? to worship all the perfect gorgeousness of the sunset skies, yet never dare to reveal in their splendour? to shrink from the melting touch of the south wind, because to drink in its ripe breath might hinder the toil that is necessary to keep life in the pulses of one you love more than your own happiness?

Four years Edna had spent in this way. A daily struggle with the world for bread—bread for herself and her feeble mother. Early and late she toiled at the coarse garment given her to make from the great clothing establishment at the village—poorly compensated, sometimes scolded for mistakes and errors with which she had nothing to do. But this morning she felt more keenly than usual. And why? The twenty-fourth of June would see the Fairleighs homeless, and that fateful day was only distant another sun! A few words will explain whatever of their little history the reader will care to learn.

Arthur Fairleigh, Edna's father—now four years dead—had been a gardener on the estate of Ralph Wilmet, the miserly master at the hall. Fairleigh had once been wealthy himself, but by a series of misfortunes he was reduced to penury, and was glad to accept the tolerably lucrative situation offered him by Mr. Wilmet. Oak Cottage, the present residence of his widow and daughter, was then vacant; and there Mr. Fairleigh took up his abode with the understanding that it should be his when he had paid the proprietor a certain sum of money agreed upon.

Failing to show receipts for the full amount—so ran the bond of agreement—the estate of Oak Cottage should, on the 24th of June, 1854, belong to Ralph Wilmet, provided he still survived; but in the event of his death before the said 24th, the whole property should revert to Arthur Fairleigh and his heirs forever. Mr. Fairleigh had been to make his last payment, when he was seized with paralysis while yet in the presence of Mr. Wilmet; and three days afterward he expired at the hall, remaining speechless and motionless to the last.

After the funeral obsequies were over, Mrs. Fairleigh, searching among her late husband's papers, found Mr. Wilmet's receipts up to the time of the last payment. The final receipt in full was not among them. She applied for it to Mr. Wilmet, but the miserly man disclaimed all knowledge of the reception of the money, and coolly told her that he should abide by his agreement. She need expect nothing more at his hands.

Four years longer, Oak Cottage was hers, and the only chance of her getting justice lay in the very uncertain prospect of Mr. Wilmet's death before the expiration of the time mentioned in the bond. These years had passed now, and with each succeeding week, Mrs. Fairleigh had grown weaker. Upon Edna's labour the existence of the family depended.

As the time drew nigh which was to turn them into the world ablerless, Edna went to plead with Mr. Wilmet for a little extension of the time, that she might look about for lodgings; but was harshly refused. Oak Cottage, he said, was already rented, and the new tenant would arrive on the 25th of June. He did not keep houses to shelter people who could not pay for them.

Edna turned away from his presence full of fierce

rebellion. It all looked so cruelly unjust to her. The rich, childless old man refusing them so little out of his great plenitude! refusing them the heritage her father had laboured for so faithfully, and for which she knew the last dollar had been paid. It is little wonder that, thinking over their wrongs, she should cry secretly, 'Oh that God's judgment might fall upon him!'

A little afterward, when she had prayed earnestly for strength, she asked for Ralph Wilmet mercy in stead of judgment; but for all that, though she forgave him, she could not forget. And this fair June morning she took her way across the blossoming clover fields, to the distant village, with bitterness in her heart. Her pale cheek flushed hectic crimson with the violent haste of her step, and her dark eye burned bright with the smouldering passion within. She could not stop to smell the sweet clover, or listen to the tender voices of the robins in the tall old trees; it would be so much time taken from her work, and she must improve every moment now. The murmur of running water broke on her ear. She must cross Stony Brook, a wild little stream that divided the meadow land from the high hills on which the village was situated.

Absorbed in her own painful reflections, she did not look up until she was close upon the small bridge spanning the stream at this point, two old rotten planks only, and the recent heavy rain had swelled the brook to the proportions of a river. It flowed on over the rocks, snow white, and broken into a thousand spray wreaths, making the fragile bridge tremble and shake like a reed. She looked up just as she was setting foot on the plank, and, simultaneously, a frenzied cry for help rang out on the air.

Edna saw it all—understood it all at a glance. She saw the swift rush of that human figure downward; saw the agonized expression of the wrinkled face, framed in by masses of long white hair, and pleading for salvation with its filmy eyes. And looking down to see where the water had covered it up all from her sight, Edna Fairleigh knew that Ralph Wilmet's life was at her mercy! Her heart stood still. Every faculty was swallowed up in the one fearful thought that swept through her mind! It was the 23rd of June—if he died that day, Oak Cottage was theirs!

An old man, unloving, unloved, miserly, cruel, and a curse to the world! There would be none to weep for him, none to sink down stricken at his death! The temptation assailed her with a mighty force—her brain whirled, she tottered, and would have fallen, but for the frantic clutch she made on the stunted willow by her side.

A moment only, and then, with a gigantic effort, she cast out the foul impulse. She would do what she could, God helping her!

The bank was steep and rough, but Edna had been brought up in the country, where agility is fostered. She ran fleetly down, and stepped into the water. The strong purpose within hardened her woman's nerves to steel; she put fear away from her, and thought only of saving the man who had so oppressed her family. His snowy hair floated upon the surface, she dashed toward it, averted almost off her feet by the mad plunging of the current. She caught him by the arm, he felt the touch and grasped her convulsively, clinging to her garments, and drawing her under the water to be dashed fiercely against the sharp rocks. Still, she did not relinquish her hold on him. The tide swept them on together! With that fearful clasp upon her strength, she felt that her condition was hopeless. If she should strike him off, she could save herself! She cast away the suggestion with utter loathing. Save herself at the expense of another! Never! She uttered a prayer for her mother, her sight grew dim, her strength was weakness, she was submitting to her fate! Suddenly she felt the smart cut of a tree branch against her face, and with a last frantic effort she clutched at it as she was borne along beneath. The strong willow branch did not break—it held firmly—and a moment afterward Edna was lying exhausted upon the shore of the stream, with the inanimate form of Ralph Wilmet at her side.

A moment to recover her breath, and then Edna turned her efforts toward the old man's recovery. She laboured long and faithfully with the means at her command, and at last she was rewarded by seeing his eyes unclose, and his chest heave with suppressed respiration. He sat upright and looked at her, but there was no trace of grateful feeling on his hard, cold face. He pushed her away roughly.

'There, enough of that. Go about your business. Edna did as she was bidden, wondering, within herself, if Ralph Wilmet were human.

The ensuing day, the Fairleighs received formal notice to vacate Oak Cottage; and in obedience to

the mandate, they removed to meagre lodgings in an old house in the village.

The new tenant took possession of the house, and Edna's life of toil grew drearier every day. Her mother's health suffered from the removal scenes; the severing of old ties and affectionately painful to her, and she did not recover from the shock as Edna hoped she would.

One day the intelligence spread abroad that Wilmet was dead. The servant, on going to the master to breakfast, had found him seated in his chair before his writing-table, dead. His eyes were wide open, one hand in his bosom, and the other holding a massive document, which, on examination, was found to be a will, dated on the twenty-third of the preceding June, and it was now the nineteenth of October.

The pompous funeral over, the heirs-at-law failed to listen to the reading of the will, and their astonishment when it was found that the testator's entire possessions, without reserve, save legacies to the servants, were bequeathed to Fairleigh.

'I offer this in token,' thus ran the will, 'of gratitude to this woman, who taught me that there is something beside selfishness in humanity. She gave my life at her mercy; my death would have probably benefited her and hers, and yet she took advantage of her power, but perilled her existence in vain.'

The heirs retired aghast, and in due time took possession of Wilmet Hall.

She did good with the fortune left in her care. Having known the pangs of poverty herself, she relieved them always in others; and through her ministrations, Philip Wilmet's wealth existed in vain.

VARIETIES.

To bring up a child in the way he should Travel that way yourself.

The most unpleasant vocation in the world—vocation.

Why cannot two slender persons ever be great friends?—Because they will always be acquaintances.

There are three things a man never gets in looking at:—the sky, the sea, a woman's face, because they are never two days together alike.

What is the use of sighing and weeping as we float down the stream of time? Why make the voyage a wailing voyage?

A Frenchman, wishing to speak of the cream English poets, forgot the word, and said, 'de la crème des poëtes.' A wag said that he had fairly chewed up the English language.

The latest invention is a 'palpitating bosom' for ladies, which is set in motion by a concealed spring, when an extra display of 'emotion' is required.

If you should happen to meet a friend in need, member that you do not know how soon you need a friend.

Three things only are essential to happiness, really: Something to do; something to love; and something to hope for.

A New Bedford lady astonished a Boston pocket by the point d' interrogatory, 'Why don't you put your hand in my pocket, when I have my hand in mine?'—

'How is it, my dear, that you have never known a flame in the bosom of any man?' said an old lady to her pretty niece. To which the young lady replied, 'The reason, dear aunt, is, as you well know, that I am not a good match.'

A girl who was making a dress put the sleeve wrong. She was unable to change them, as she could not determine whether she had got the sleeve in the wrong place, or the wrong sleeve in the right place.

There is a woman in Charlestown, N.H., who has a large collection of tame toads in her yard. She knows their mistress, follows her about, and hops up to be fed, and at the word of command jumps themselves in a perfect circle round her feet.

'I've heard, captain,' said an English traveller, 'the captain of a steamer running on the Upper Mississippi, that your Western steamboats can run very shoal water—where, in fact the water is not more than two or three feet deep!'—'Two or three deep?'—'I claimed the captain, in tones of withering contempt; 'why, we wouldn't give a gill of water for a boat out here that couldn't run on the water pitcher!'